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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

ONE AWAY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

The wild winds whistle down the hills' dark gorge,
The leader air is full of hail and snow—
And tossed and harassed by the reckless wind,
The drifts to frigid, white-capt mountains grow.

The cold is brutal—Ice reigns everywhere—
The lowland streamlet groans in sullen pain—
The mighty river flowing to the sea,
Struggles in impotence to break its chain.

It is a night when thankful unto God
For home and love, we gather round the hearth,

When we would draw in those we care for most
To our embrace, from all the wide, cold earth.

I shudder, though the grate is crimson red,
And all around me is the ruddy light;
My thoughts go out to wander after one—
To wonder where he is this boisterous night!

Sleeps he beside the camp fire's dying glare,
Dreaming of home and friends so far away?
Or pacing on the lonesome picket guard,
With weary waiting for the break of day?

The tents gleam whitely through the torpid night,
The earthworks sharp defined rise up below—
And through the murky gloom that lies betwixt,
He sees the distant watch fires of the foe.

The dark eye kindles—flushed hot his cheek—
May be the morrow's sun will shine on strife!
The smoky sky hangs over men who meet
To yield up blood for blood, and life for life!

Oh, heaven! the winds shriek on like fiends at war!—
My heart shrank cold and shudd'ring in my breast;

The thought of him upon that deadly field,
Breaks ruthlessly through all my hours of rest!

I find no peace, or comfort;—Heaven be kind!
This mortal dread of Fate, so stern and grim,
Is terrible! my dreams are full of it!
My life is one long prayer to God for him!

Farmington, N. H.

THE CHEAP CASTLE.

CHAPTER I.

TO BE SOLD, WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION, A CASTLE, ON THE SEA-COAST OF BLANDSHIRE, WITH AMPLE ACCOMMODATION FOR A FAMILY OF DISTINCTION. NOBLEMEN OR GENTLEMEN TREATING FOR THE SAME WITHOUT THE INTERVENTION OF AN AGENT, WILL MEET WITH LIBERAL TERMS. FOR PARTICULARS AND CARDS TO VIEW, APPLY TO MESSRS. NOCKEMOND, AUCTIONEERS AND ESTATE AGENTS, LONDON; OR TO MR. NATHANIEL GRAVES, CINQUEPORT, BLANDSHIRE.

The above is an advertisement which occupied a place in the *Mansion* columns of the *London Times*, last March, and had done so pretty often before, I have no doubt. You remember it, reader, I dare say, who have passed more than one autumn yachting off that coast, and as you read it, have wondered whether it referred to Eyrie Towers, that stands so majestically to the east of Cinqueport, above the foam and roar of the Atlantic. And you, reader, who peruse the *Times* (or cheapness' sake) in your Institute, you have read it too, and remembering that steam-boat excursion of which you formed a part in August last, and which was erroneously termed a pleasure-trip, you also call to mind Eyrie Towers, for the good-natured skipper touched you on the back—you were running over the side—as the vessel passed it, and exclaimed: "There, mate, would you like to live in a house like that?" To which you replied, faintly: "I don't care if it is, captain, so long as it's on the dry land."

Perhaps, of all pleasant parties at Christmas time, the children's party is the most agreeable. The young enter with so hearty a

relish into the holiday sports, their cheerful laughter rings out merrily as they gather round the table, or join in innocent Christ-

mas games, or stand full of admiration before the wondrous tree blossoming with Christmas gifts. Well, without being childish,

we may all endeavor to have the joyous, innocent, trustful, hopeful feelings of childhood at this Christmas time.



CHRISTMAS.

ters on note-paper with engravings of the stately pile in its N., S., E., and W. aspects, and having its title printed with elaborate minuteness on one's card—but it was unquestionably a great step (in the right direction,) and the contemplation of it caused a certain flutter of the spirits. If I had confined the idea to my wife, it would certainly have astonished her; and retrogression would have become exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, should Louisa Adelaide, our daughter, once recognize the practicability of such a design. "Yes," thought I, as I let the newspaper repose upon my knee, and gazed upon that unconscious young lady as she helped herself for the third time to apricot jam, "that girl would adorn any sphere. It is positively a waste of power to keep her in a villa. It is the duty of a father to provide what is most appropriate for his offspring—the very birds of the air perform what is right in that respect; her appetite, too, is failing; she wants sea-air; to reside in some elevated spot—say the tower in the east wing. Louisa Adelaide shall have her castle."

There was another reason, too, (which there is now no necessity for concealing,) connected with my daughter, which urged me to this step. It would place us at once at a social elevation to which young Theodosius Chane, the civil engineer, (whom I used to call Theodolite before I found myself obliged to keep him at a distance,) would scarcely venture to aspire. It was impudent enough of him to emerge from lodgings in Camden Town to hang about Louisa Adelaide at a villa with a double coach-house; but to pay his addresses to her at a castle, I thought, be a little too presumptuous even for him.

So when I went into town, instead of driving straight to the city, I called at Messrs. Nockemond to make inquiries. The clerk in the glass case, who had doubtless remarked the high stepping bays that brought me, was not in the least astonished at my coming after the Castle, and he introduced me at once to his principal, who was not astonished either. If I only liked the place half as well as Sir Ranagan Flanigan and family, to whom he had last let it, I should never regret the purchase.

"Then it can be rented, can it?" said I, "instead of bought?" Well—no—it could not be rented. He did not quite understand the circumstances of the case, but he supposed that the proprietor was now anxious to realize. Mr. Graves of Cinqueport, through which town I must needs pass to get to Eyrie Towers, was in possession of all the requisite information; but the Messrs. Nockemond had merely instructions as to price. From the photographs just taken of the mansion in question, he might say with respect to this matter, that the place was dirt cheap. "Quite a show-place sir, I give you my honor."

Here the photographs were exhibited.

Eyrie Towers, from every point of view,

might have been the hereditary habitation of a line of Irish peers at the very least. There

was not, however, the least tinge of decay or

neglect about it, to remind one of Ireland. The garden, although not extensive, was well kept; and the shrubberies upon the land-side trimmed with tasteful care. Towards the sea, the castle was unprotected; a stone terrace, a little lawn, and a light iron fence alone intervened between it and the boundless ocean. Louis Adelaide would certainly get air enough. There was not much ground about it anywhere; a field or two; an avenue; and what was locally termed "a business," a ravine or chasm running down into the sea, comprehended all the territory. Beside the bunny (but having no connection with it) there was a "right of free Warren" over a certain sandy tract, and upon this Mr. Nockemond was vaguely eulogistic, although I don't believe he knew what it meant any more than I did. The external advantages of the property also included a sort of manorial lordship; a third of all that came on shore in the way of wreck, between two headlands lying east and west of the castle, was the property of its lord. This valuable privilege had been conceded to the founder of the ancient race, who had once inhabited Eyrie Towers, by King Stephen, on account of his having burned a village in the vicinity, inhabitants and all, because, upon being pricked with lance-heads, they had given provisions to some troops of the opposite faction. Only the queen, and one or two nobles in the United Kingdom, I was informed, had preserved this feudal right; and the possession of it, in point of social position, was incalculably valuable. Mr. Nockemond only regretted to add, that, in consequence of the mistaken benevolence of the time, the power of life and death formerly enjoyed by the lord of Eyrie Towers over the people of Cinqueport was abrogated. Still, I should doubtless find the trades-people devoted to me.

quired I, as calmly as I could, for I was really astounded at the lowness of the price.

"The whole of them," returned the agent; "and whatever furniture you wish to retain may be bought at a valuation. I may tell you, however, that the less you have to do with a professional broker the cheaper you are likely to get it. The proprietor, Mr. Graves informs me, has a great objection to business men of all kinds. I trust that you are not yourself a lawyer, sir—that is well—for I doubt whether the proprietor would ever part with Eyrie Towers to a person of that profession."

I turned a little pale at this, for I had set my heart on the castle, and began to doubt whether the hereditary possessor would soil his fingers with the purchase money of one who had passed his life in Bulling or Bear-ing.

"I sympathize deeply," said I, "with the peculiar feelings of the nobleman or gentleman in question—please let him know that—do, please. I shall be happy to run down to the castle, and talk the matter over with him as man with man."

"My dear sir," exclaimed the house-agent, smiling compassionately, "it is quite impossible that the proprietor of Eyrie Towers could entertain in person any pecuniary proposition from a stranger, no matter how distinguished he was in social position. It could not be done. Mr. Graves has the fullest authority to treat; he will show you over the property, and into every room of the mansion, which is at present tenanted, except for a domestic or two, who keep the place in order, and exhibit it to strangers upon presentation of their address cards. On Mondays and Fridays, the apartments of the castle are at present shown to visitors; but of course it will lie in your power to take away that privilege, if you prefer seclusion."

This statement, carelessly uttered as it was, perhaps, was really a most seductive one. I am not an ostentatious person, but still—I put it to any gentleman of Throgmorton Street—was it not an elevating thought that people should come to look not only at one's drawbridge and ivied clock tower, but at one's sitting-rooms and sleeping apartments although, of course, in case of illness upon a Monday or Friday, this would be attended with some inconvenience. A request to take the photographs of Eyrie Towers home to my wife and family that day, was courteously acceded to, and I returned with a portfolio of them to Wimbleton, already in imagination a feudal chieftain.

One of the happiest evenings of my life was spent on that occasion. It was worth almost any money—even in five figures—to see the faces of my wife and daughter kindle with glad wonder, as I told them,

after all their admiration of these pictures, that they represented a reality which might be their own. Even Muggles, who was some what made a confidant of this coming grandeur, condescended to express his opinion that Eyrie Towers would "do." It was just such an "environ" of high life as he had

been accustomed to from the first hour he had drawn a cork. Wimbleton looked small, although doubtless excellently adapted for the wants of the middle classes, as I started the next morning for Cinqueport.

CHAPTER II.

The one thing which rather mitigated my high spirits, as I lay back in the railway carriage with a "landed," though not, I trust, an overweening air, was the suspicion suggested by Louis Adelaide, that the photographs of Eyrie Towers might have been taken from pictures (which are apt to flatter places as well as people), instead of from the noble pile itself. If so, it was not merely the device of the house agent to enhance the place, for all the stationers' shops in Cinqueport had specimens of the same views. An excursion to Eyrie Towers, "by kind permission of Nathaniel Graves, Esq.," was advertised upon the walls to take place in the ensuing month. Tickets to admit parties of not less than nine to view the apartments of Eyrie Towers on the days it was not open to the public, were to be procured of Nathaniel Graves, Esq., for half a crown!

I wonder what the exclusive proprietor thought of a proceeding of that nature. Of course, it was no business of mine at present; but I confess that, even to me, there was a smack of something particularly inconsistent with the feudal system in that reduction on taking a quantity. However, upon the whole, I was gratified. Eyrie Towers was, as Mr. Nockemond had averred, without doubt, "quite a show-place;" and if it had been about to be pulled down, and its historical fragments disposed of for building purposes, the arrangements for giving the public a last look at it could not have been more energetic and complete.

I observed something of this kind at a print-shop, where I inquired my way to Mr. Graves', and the young lady behind the counter, whom I addressed, replied laughingly, and with a shake of her curls: "Well, sir, we may not long—if all we hear be true—have the opportunity of visiting Eyrie Towers at all."

She looked at me so roguishly, that I knew at once she suspected me of becoming its purchaser; and I set this down as being the result of my landed air. "That young woman shall come whenever she likes," thought I, "whether it's Monday or Friday, or any other day. I daresay she takes me for one of those haughty aristocrats who would keep the people out of everything; but I shall let her know I am nothing of the kind." I made a mental resolution to send her a card, with "Admit the bearer" on it, signed Tompkins (without any Christian name, in the old feudal fashion;) and I took down the address over the shop-door (H. Walker, Sharp Street) with that intention, and put it in my pocket-book.

Mr. Nathaniel Graves lived only a few doors off in the same street (No. 1,) but his house lay back within a courtyard, and was evidently the habitation of a man of means. What calling he professed, I had not inquired; but had I not been informed of the antiquity which the ancestral proprietor of Eyrie Towers entertained towards lawyers, I should have set down Mr. Nathaniel Graves for an attorney, pure and simple—if I may make use of so great a contradiction in terms. He was the nearest approach to a terrier that the Human is permitted to arrive at under the present physical laws; he smiled upon me exactly as that animal grins at "varmint," and his clothes were black and his complexion tan. His notion of conversation seemed to be a series of snaps, from which, however, I had no difficulty in gathering that I had come down to Cinqueport upon an almost hopeless errand. There was a gentleman already in the market who had seen the place but yesterday, and whose final offer (which included all the furniture as it stood) he was expecting hourly. Still there might be some hitch; and at all events, he, Mr. Graves, was instructed to sell the demesne to the first bona-fide bidder. He was inundated by letters about it by every post, although the advertisement was only just inserted, and should be heartily glad to get the master of his hands. It was one that ought never to have been intrusted to him.

"Why so?" asked I.
"Because the price which my employer has chosen to put upon the place is simply preposterous," jerked out the little man; "because it is like setting one to sell so many sovereigns for pennies within a stipulated time for a stupid bet. Let me have done with it at once, and pocket the money, although it be not half price, is what my employer says. It is not business at all—he says he hates business—but sheer folly. Did you happen to hear from Messrs. Nockemond what is the amount at which my employer fixes the purchase-money of Eyrie Towers, with its pleasure-gardens and pasture-lands, with its avenues of stately trees, with its

right of free warren and valuable feudal pri-

villages in connection with Jesus and Sot-

mon?"

"Yes," said I; "and if the place comes

up to the photographs, I think the Castle is

cheap."

"Cheap?" snapped Mr. Nathaniel Graves,

as though he would have snapped my nose

off; "it's preposterous. Come and look at

the place. If I had only the money to spare,

myself, I would not have troubled you to

come down here, you may be sure."

He lent me a saddle-horse, and accom-

panied me himself on a black pony to the

spot in question. The air of sarcastic depre-

cation with which he treated the property

which I had come down as purchase to

view, was a thing quite unique in bargaining,

and might, I should think, be advantageously adopted.

As we rode across that desolate

moorland tract over which the proprietor of

Eyre Towers had such mysterious rights, I

observed that it did not look very valuable.

"No," snapped the agent viciously, "it's

worth nothing, absolutely nothing. The rab-

bis are not insurable, and do not sell for

fire-insurance apiece in Cinqueport without their

skins. The sand is valueless in the extensive

glass-manufactories yonder. These long

grasses are not of incalculable use for basket

weaving. It is not even pleasant gallop-

ing-ground, with the finest air in England,

whether from sea or land; and Eyre Towers

is not a picturesque object when beheld from

this rising ground. Oh no, not at all."

He drew rein as he finished the sentence,

and pointed scoffingly to seaward with a bit-

ter laugh. A finer natural landscape never

met my eye than was afforded by that long

reach of undulating sand-hills, tufted with

heather, and margined with those forests of

pines, blown backward by the aggregate force

of a thousand sea-winds. Nor had the hand

of man been backward in completing the

picture, for before us, half girdled by woods of

livelier green, stood a stone-gray castle,

tired yet not decrepit, but proudly bidding

defiance to the ocean that chafed and roared

beneath its feet. Instead of swallows, the

sea-gulls circled around its towers, and toamed

and tumbled like the foam itself in the un-

clouded blue. Immediately beneath us lay a

sausage sea, but on the horizon, even while

we looked, speck after speck arose and grew,

as if by magic, until the sun shone on a glisten-

ing squadron.

"How glorious!—how magnificent!" cried

I enthusiastically. "What can those ships

be, Mr. Graves? They seem to be very large

ones."

"It is only the Channel fleet," replied the

agent carelessly. "A person who lives in a

place like Eyre Towers cannot expect to see

such sights as a London gentleman. There

is nothing to excite yourself about, sir.

Take care, or your horse will be in the

quarry."

"Oh, there's a quarry, too, is there?" said

I, for I felt quite ashamed of not seeing every-

thing *couleur de rose* by this time. "You never

mentioned that."

"Not I," returned the other with irritation,

"It was not worth mentioning. If I was to

tell you all that my employer is giving away

for next to nothing, I should never have

finished the catalogue. Yet some people

consider a quarry of Portland stone to be

rather valuable. The whole subject is pain-

ful to me. Come, let us see the castle, and

have done with it."

With that, Mr. Nathaniel Graves set spurs

to his black pony, and put it to a speed of

which I should not have conceived it capa-

ble.

"You ride uncommonly fast, sir," expostu-

lated I, "considering how excessively near

this roadway is to the cliff."

"Why, yes," returned the agent, hastily,

"it is rather near; the fact is, the soil grows

more productive inland, and therefore, from

motives of economy, I suppose, Sir Ranagan

Flanagan has made the road, as it were, to

skirt the Eyre property. It certainly did

not use to run so near the sea as it does now."

"Sir Ranagan Flanagan!" exclaimed I;

"why, I understood he was only a tenant!

Mr. Nockenden told me—"

"Mr. Nockenden knows nothing about it,"

interrupted the agent. "Sir Ranagan is the

proprietor, although he bought the domain—

for a much larger sum than he now offers it

for—only a few years back. He is an Irish-

man, or else I should say he was a madman,

to wish to part with a place like this."

Certainly, with every stride of our horses

the castle seemed to grow more imposing, as

well as more habitable. It was evidently not

only feudal, but convenient—which is quite

another thing.

At this moment, a dreadful suspicion

struck me, which set my heart beating, and

shook my spirits to zero.

"What is the matter?" inquired the agent,

almost as agitated as myself, and unquestion-

ably tiring a little pale.

"Nothing," said I—"nothing." Then, as

carelessly as I could: "Are there any old

servants, retainers of the ancient family, still

remaining at Eyre Towers?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Graves; "there are both

the housekeeper and the gardener. It is the

latter who will open for us the lodge gates."

This was a venerable man with silver hair,

and an expression in his countenance not

only of sadness, but, as I imagined, of pity for

myself, which corroborated my worst apprehension.

"He can never get over the departure of

his old masters," explained Mr. Graves in a

low tone; "but he has a great sense of duty,

and makes an excellent servant. Sir Ranagan

gives him the highest character."

Mr. Mortmain, the housekeeper, had a

still more lugubrious appearance, and she

also cast upon me a glance, which, without

being exactly one of love, was certainly akin

to pity.

"Well, madam, and how do you do?" ob-

served the agent; "whether you nor Thomas

were in high feather. I want you to show

this postmaster the Castle to its best ad-

vantage if he takes it, I am sure that you

need not fear losing your situation."

"Well, madam, and how do you do?" ob-

served the agent; "whether you nor Thomas

were in high feather. I want you to show

this postmaster the Castle to its best ad-

vantage if he takes it, I am sure that you

need not fear losing your situation."

"Well, sir, you know we must all go in a

very little time, for—" She blushed and

stammered, but did not finish her sentence.

"Never you mind that, Mrs. Mortmain,"

replied the agent hastily; "let us enjoy our-

selves while we can. She is a victim to religi-

ous despondency," added he in a whisper.

But I was not to be hoodwinked on. As I

walked through the sombre, oak-panelled

corridors, and visited library and drawing-

room, hall and bower, there was one question

always trembling on my lip, and only wait-

ing the absence of Mr. Nathaniel Graves to

be expressed in words. That astute gentle-

man, however, never left us alone for an in-

stant, and I had to trust to the woman's evi-

dent natural honesty, at last, to answer me

with the house-agent by her side.

"Now, look here," said I, as we stood in

the ancient armory among the veritable gar-

ments of those who had perished in tourney

and fight, and underneath the torn and blood-

stained banners which had been borne before

them perhaps to their last fields, "please to

answer what I shall ask you, Mrs. Mortmain,

with all truth."

"I am glad of it," said I, sardonically;

"I wish he'd got a little more"—meaning too

much to admit of any holiday.

"But remember, Louisa Adelaide, as sure as the

earth beneath our feet, when that Theodore Chaney puts his foot within this castle,

"I am glad of it," said I, sardonically;

"I wish he'd got a little more"—meaning too

much to admit of any holiday.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, DECEMBER 27, 1862.

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generalship? If he has, glorious will be the laurels that will encircle the head of that man, who is able to inscribe on the torn and stained banners of his legions, the one significant word, RICHMOND.

AN AMUSING CAPTURE.

The residence of Jacob Thompson, Buchanan's Secretary of the Interior, is, or rather was, for Thompson is on the run at Oxford, Mississippi. When our troops recently entered Oxford, it appears that Thompson's papers were overhauled, and his letter-book found, as also a number of letters addressed to him. Some of these letters are being published, and are very instructive reading. In one, copied into the letter-book, Thompson writes to a friend, under date of Nov. 20th, 1860:—

Dificulties accumulate upon us here. As long as I am here I shall shield and protect the South. Whenever it shall come to pass that I shall think that I can do no further good here, I shall return to my home. Buchanan is the truest friend to the South I have ever known from the North. He is a jewel and a man. But my duty now is to the South.

I want the co-operation of the Southern states. Geography makes separate and isolated action by Mississippi an absurdity. I have some influence in our Southern sister states. I wish to do all I can to secure their sympathy and co-operation. A Confederation of the Southern states will be strong enough to command the respect of the world, and the love and confidence of our people at home. South Carolina will go. I consider Georgia and Florida as certain; Alabama probable. Then Mississippi must go. But I want Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland will not stay behind long.

I fear Kentucky even more than I do Missouri. If we are not too hasty and violent, these states will all unite, because it will be their interest and their honor and feelings to do so. As soon as our mechanics, our merchants, our lawyers, and our editors look the matter in the face and calculate the consequence, they will see their interest so strong in this movement I fear they will be beyond control. The successful, unresisted installation of Lincoln is the beginning of the end of slavery.

The North is dependent on the South for its prosperity. The South is not dependent on the North for anything necessary to her material welfare.

Thompson, when he wrote the above, was a sworn officer of the United States government—and yet, as will be seen, he was plotting to destroy the government he was under oath to uphold, and thus acting the part of a perfidious traitor in his high office.

In another letter, a Mr. N. S. Resen, under date of Memphis, Oct. 25 1860, writes a letter addressed jointly to "His Excellency James Buchanan and Hon. J. Thompson," in which he says:—

The numerical strength of the civil migrating party to Cuba is, by reports, now over twenty-five thousand. Of this number at least seven or eight thousand are ready to move for Cuba; and as your Excellency has told me you had every confidence in me; and you, Hon. Mr. Thompson, have assured me that the Federal officers at New Orleans and Mobile would be instructed to "let me and my emigrating friends pass." I now very respectfully request that you place in the hands of our mutual friends, Mr. C. Galloway and C. M. Campbell, editors of the Memphis Avalanche, your most faithful supporters, the necessary passports for my benefit, and the sum of ten thousand dollars secret service funds for the use and benefit of those editors above, in supporting your cause in acquiring Cuba by civil emigration, and with the use of that amount they will be enabled to earnestly and effectually co-operate with you for the accomplishment of that grand object.

The political position of the Avalanche, as a true Democratic Administration paper, enables that paper to wield the necessary influence in successfully accomplishing the acquisition of Cuba before the termination of the present administration, and the political aspect now loudly calls for it.

Whether the money (United States money, be it remembered,) was forwarded or not, is not stated—or the proof may perhaps be for the present withheld by the Administration.

There are other letters, one of which (dated Jan. 19th, 1861,) is an application to Mr. Thompson for money to get up "anti-coercion" bandballs and meetings in the city of New York. This last is signed by a Mr. T. W. MacMahon, who is said to have been confidential secretary of Fernando Wood when that gentleman was mayor. MacMahon writes:

You will see by the reports in the Herald that every few days, our metropolis is flooded with Anti Republican bandballs. They are the source of the greatest anxiety and consternation to our enemies and a profound mystery to the general public. Groups of people gather around perusing them wherever they are found. Is one attempt to tear them down, when a conflict generally ensues. The Republicans already imagine that they are sleeping upon a volcano. And all this is the work of two or three men, at their own expense, and without means to afford its continuance. As for the mercantile classes, we could not get a single shilling out of them. Hence, I resolved to address myself to you.

Altogether, the Thompson correspondence is very interesting and suggestive reading.

CHANGES IN THE CABINET.—It is reported that in consequence of the Republican Senators, in caucus, having adopted a resolution recommending to the President a change in the Cabinet, that Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, and his son, the Assistant Secretary, have handed in their resignations. It is also reported that Secretary Blair will follow suit, and even that General Halleck will be removed. Secretary Stanton, it is said, still retains the confidence of the President.

What reliance is to be placed in these reports a few days probably will determine. So far as Mr. Seward is concerned, it is generally known that that gentleman, for a year past, has enjoyed the confidence of a large and influential portion of the Republican party—consider him to be wanting in that energy and resolution which such momentous times as the present require.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.—Our thanks are due to the Hon. W. H. Keely for a copy of the Preliminary Report of the Census of 1860, containing a great deal of valuable information.

INJUNCTION APPLIED FOR.

We are informed that a charter having been obtained from the Legislature of this state to construct what is commonly called a "Passenger" railroad from the Navy Yard to Fairmount, with extensions, an attempt is now being made to use that charter for an entirely different purpose—the construction of a regular, locomotive road, designed to connect the railroad to New York with that to Baltimore.

It is the dictate alike of law and of Common Sense, that charters should be strictly interpreted. And if this case really be as is represented, we regard it as a flagrant attempt to violate the privileges granted by the Legislature—an attempt which we cannot doubt will be speedily enjoined by the proper Court.

If a connection between the two railroads alluded to is sought to be made, let it be properly applied for. For ourselves, we see no objection to such a connection, if made in the proper place—but we do see strong reasons why one of the handsomest avenues in our city, should not be spoiled by a road that could just as well, though not perhaps quite as deeply, be located elsewhere. We see not half the objection to such a road going round the city, as we do to its going through any of our main thoroughfares.

FUNNY.

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin of the 19th, really says, in its leading editorial:—

Whether there is an organized conspiracy against the Government, or not, we are unable to say; but there are rumors and whisperings in New York and in this city, that seem to indicate that there is one. We hear of men pretending that the only way to save the Union is to drive President Lincoln out of the White House and place there a military dictator. We hear of some who plausibly say that this will be done within a week, who rejoice over the prospect, and who invite their acquaintances to rejoice with them.

Really, we cannot characterize the above as anything else than supremely ridiculous. Here is a Federal Government with say 800,000 men in arms to do its bidding. All it has to do is to be certain of the fidelity of its leading officers—especially the commanding generals—and it can laugh at all conspiracies, organized or unorganized.

And, even if generals would play traitor, the rank and file would not. The great masses of our soldiery, as of our people, believe in Republicanism and in Law, and would not become the tools of any military dictator.

Why, chaos would come at the North if such a thing were attempted, and partially successful. The present condition of the South would be a paradise to it. But the whole thing is nonsensical.

CAPTURE OF KINGSTON.

Notwithstanding the recent defeat from the rebel General Evans, it appears that General Foster has taken Kingston, N. C., capturing also 500 prisoners and 11 pieces of artillery.

Kingston is only 28 miles from Goldsboro, which is situated on the railroad leading from Richmond to Wilmington, Charleston, &c.

OUR LOSSES.—It is now stated that our losses at Fredericksburg were 1,400 killed, 8,000 wounded, and 800 taken prisoners—10,200 in all. Bad enough, but a good deal better than the 16,000 reported by certain newspaper correspondents.

On the rebel side, Gen. Lee says that their losses were about 1,800. But as one of the Richmond papers already has chronicled the arrival of 2,000 of the wounded in that city, and we have some seven or eight hundred rebel prisoners, it is probable the rebel loss was at least not below 4,000. If they had remained all the time in their intrenchments they probably would have fared still better.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE POEMS OF ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

The blue and gold of Ticknor & Fields' dainty series suit especially well with these graceful poems; ballads of quiet pathos and sweetnes; with more passionate lyrics, throbbing with a sorrow which declares itself more and more distinctly in every line. These poems bear a filial and feminized likeness to those of "Barry Cornwall," enough to remind us continually of the relationship of their authors.

Of the ballads, the story of "True Honors" is to our taste the sweetest; the "Cradle-Song of the Poor" the most pathetic. We extract a poem shorter than these as particularly characteristic, in its grace and suggestiveness, of Miss Proctor's style:

BOME-SICKNESS.

"Where I am, the halls are gilded,
Stored with pictures bright and rare;
Strains of deep melancholy music
Float upon the perfumed air:—
Nothing stirs the dreary silence
Save the melancholy sea,
Near the poor and humble cottage
Where I lain would be!

"Where I am, the days are passing
O'er a pathway strewn with flowers;
Song and joy and starry pleasures
Crown the happy smiling hours:—
Sleep, sleep, sleep, my only joy,
Tired with weary wings must flee,
Marked to pain, to toil, and sorrow,
Where I lain would be!

"Where I am, are glorious dreamings,
Science, genius, art divine;
And the great mines whom all honor
Lover, hange their thoughts with mine:—
A few simple hearts are waiting,
Longing, wearying for me,
Far away, where toes are failing,
Where I lain would be!

"Where I am, all think me happy,
For as well I play my part,
None can guess, who soile around me,
How far distant is my heart,—
Far away, in a poor cottage,
Listening to the dreary sea,
There the treasures of my life are,
Where I lain would be!"

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.—Our thanks are due to the Hon. W. H. Keely for a copy of the Preliminary Report of the Census of 1860, containing a great deal of valuable information.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. ELLEN WOOD.

Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRESS," "EAST LYNN," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND.

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

EDMUND KIRKE,

Author of "AMONG THE PINES."

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted to heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

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4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the gutter-up of the club),	12.00
30 copies, one year, (and one to the gutter-up of the club),	36.00

A SPLENDID PREMIUM.

WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE? To any one sending thirty subscriptions and \$30, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for \$45. The machine will be selected new at the manufacturer in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of \$2.00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the \$30 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become disatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money (\$30), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis when requested.

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DEACON & PETERSON,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

THE BARBER'S GHOST.

A gentleman, travelling some years since in the upper part of this state, called at a tavern, and requested entertainment for the night. The landlord informed him that it was out of his power to accommodate him, as his house was already full. He persisted in stopping, as he, as well as his horse, were almost exhausted with travelling. After much solicitation, the landlord consented to his stopping, provided he would sleep in a certain room that had not been occupied for a long time, in consequence of a belief that it was haunted by the ghost of a barber, who was reported to have been murdered in that room some years before.

"Very well," says the man, "I'm not afraid of ghosts."

After refreshing himself, he inquired of the landlord how and in what manner the room in which he was to lodge was haunted. The landlord replied that shortly after they retired to rest an unknown voice was heard, in a trembling and protracted accent, saying, "Do you want to be shaved?"

"Well," replied the man, "if he comes he may shave me."

He then requested to be shown to the apartment, in going to which he was conducted through a large room where were seated a great number of persons at a gambling-table. Feeling a curiosity which almost every one possesses after having heard ghost stories, he carefully searched every corner of his room, but could discover nothing but the usual furniture of the apartment. He then lay down, but did not close his eyes to sleep immediately; and in a few minutes he imagined he heard a voice saying—

"Do you want to be shaved?"

He arose from his bed and searched every part of the room, but could discover nothing. He again went to bed; but no sooner had he begun to compose himself to sleep, than the question was again repeated. He again arose and went to the window, the sound appearing to proceed from that quarter, and stood awhile silent. After a few moments of anxious suspense, he again heard the sound distinctly; and convinced that it was from without, he opened the window, when the question was repeated full in his ear, which startled him not a little. Upon a minute examination, however, he observed that the limb of a large oak tree, which stood under the window, projected so near the house that every breath of wind, to a lively imagination, made a noise resembling the interrogation—

"Do you want to be shaved?"

Having satisfied himself that his ghost was nothing more nor less than the limb of a tree coming in contact with the house, he again went to bed, and attempted to get asleep; but he was now interrupted by peals of laughter, and an occasional volley of oaths and curses, from the room where the gamblers were assembled. Thinking that he could turn the late discovery to his own advantage, he took a sheet from the bed and wrapped it around him, and taking the washbasin in his hand, and throwing a towel over his arm, proceeded to the room of the gamblers, and suddenly opening the door, walked in, exclaiming, in a tremulous voice—

"Do you want to be shaved?"

Terrified at the sudden appearance of the ghost, the gamblers were thrown into the greatest confusion in attempting to escape it—some jumping through the windows, and others tumbling head over heels down stairs. Our ghost, taking advantage of a clear room, deliberately swept a large amount of the

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS—The Queen of Spain, alluding to the difficulties arising from our necessary operations in the Gulf, says, "she feels confident that these events will not change the excellent relations heretofore maintained with the United States Government." This comes from a sovereign who has more reason to complain of the United States than any other Government in Europe. Yet when an opportunity is apparently presented to return the injury, her words are those of friendliness and good-will. The example is not only a good one to ourselves, but it should be remembered to the benefit of Spain.

Fashionable people are apt to starve their happiness, in order to feed their vanity.

THE EMPRESS.

A florid writer in St. James Magazine, not having the fear of Napoleon III. before him, thus describes the Empress Eugenie, as she appears after her morning bath:—

A magnificent clock has just struck twelve.

Suddenly the folding doors are thrown open,

and we are able to take an indistinct glance

at the other room, and the close white curtains draped round the Empress's bed.

A lady in waiting appears in the doorway, and then steps on one side with deep reverence.

Directly after the fairy-like form of the Empress Eugenie is visible, as she walks, with a light, elastic step into her boudoir. She proceeds to the sofa, and sinks into the soft cushions.

She then dismisses her "waiting-woman" by a gentle nod; the doors close again noiselessly, and her Majesty is alone.

She leans back on the cushions as if fatigued by the bath which she has just taken, so that her light muslin dress, with its countless lace-edged flounces, is gently raised, and exposes her dainty feet, in the white silk stockings and shoes, as high as the ankle. She seems to have been longing for the quiet and solitude of this room, for she has thrown back her beautiful head, surrounded with the pale golden hair, and appears to be in a reverie.</

CHRISTMAS.

WHATSOEVER THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"And the angel said unto them, 'Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day in the city of David—a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord.'—*Luke 2, chap. 10, 11.*

Surely the moon looks down On Judah's mountains low;

Shepherds were watching their flocks in the night;

Our Mamre's(1) verdant vale, where the evening goes,

Gleaming mid flowers, beneath the faint light:

In the eastern sky, Carmel's dark summit high,

Rises majestic, and looks on the sea,

Where 'neath the midnight breeze have dark Asaphites;(2)

Death whose dread waters the doomed cities beat.

Soft slope the silver beam on Cedron's winding stream,

Shedding mild glories on hills far away,

Glancing each eye that roves o'er Jerud's(3) olive grove,

With a soft bough, unknown to the day;

For roll the billows free of the great western sea.(4)

Through the dim distance all mistily seen,

All like a lovely dream doth to the shepherd seem,

Silently watching his flocks on the green.

Lo! on the shepherd's gaze what rays of glory shine!

Gleaming like rainbows, athwart the dark sky!

Ah! 'tis an angel bright, come from the realms of light,

Glancing the shine of the regions on high!

"Come! 'tis a vision sent—for our sins chastisement,

Brings thou a blessing—or bears thou the rod?

Oh! if vengeance bent thou comest in anger sent,

How shall we brook the displeasure of God?"

Hark! 'tis the angel's voice—fear not! ye shall rejoice,

Behold good tidings of great joy I bring,

Which unto all shall be—for ye this day shall see.

Born unto you—the Christ—the promised King; Lo! in the babe's form he chose; wrapped in his swaddling clothes,

Lowly and meek in the manger he lies;

Where can such love be found!—upon the lowly ground,

Even for your sins, lies the Prince of the skies.

Look! o'er the night's deep haes ten thousand glories blisse;

Thousands of radiant forms the sky illumine;

Oh! when to man was given such opening view of heaven,

Chasing the dark, mystic shades from the tomb;

Hark! how the Cherubim answer the Seraphim!

"Glory to God in the highest," they sing:

"Good will to sons of earth!—Peace in a Saviour's birth!"

This the glad message those holy ones bring.

Come!—let us follow them—follow to Bethlehem;

See! in the manger the Holy one lies!

Behold he slumbers now, round the Redeemer's brow,

The ray of glory shines that never dies,

Bendeth each shepherd's knee, before that majestic:

Love bows each head to the infant—the God!

All blessed be His name!—for who our comfort came,

Who for our sins hath touched the dark earth's sod!

Well might the Magian(5) watch when his star began

To light with holy ray the eastern skies;

Well might they journey far, lit by that guiding star,

Till it hath led them where the Saviour lies;

Emblemed by them may we Thy toward guide-light see,

Luring our spirits with influence sweet,

Till by its holy ray doubt's night is chased away,

And we may worship, like them, at Thy feet.

Sweet as the balmy air of Sharon's valleys fair,

Rising where roses bloom loveliest to sight;

Fair as the crystal tide from sunlit Horæ's side;

Chasing the darkness—and lending the light:

Thus shall Thy teachings be—Hope of eternity!

Long we to know what thy love shall import:

Even as David sighed for the well's water-tide.(6)

Sigh we for water that comfort the heart.

From Sinai's hoary head—Tabor's green pyramids,(7)

From ev'ry valley of Judah's blessed soil,

Where Let'mon's cedars grow o'er Mizpeh's(8) vales below,

Let sounds of praise ascend—Glory to God!

Yet, let not Palestine alone the praise assign:

Throughout the Universe honoress ring

From all to whom is given this greatest gift of Heaven,

Jews the Comforter—and Christ our King.

Laud! once again we see Thy anniversary!

Give us all hearts to feel the sacred time:

Oft give our spirits joy!—keep us from sin's alloy:

Guard us from evil thoughts—and deeds of crime:

Teach us to follow Thee—forgive each enemy:

Touch no humility, and how to pray:

May all of human kind joy in Thy mercy find,

And gladly turn to Thee—this Christmas day.

FRANK.

(1.) Mamre—"A fertile valley near Hebron, where Abraham dwelt."—*Steddy's Script. Geog.*

(2.) Asphaltites—"The Dead Sea—this lake is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient cities, Sodom, Gomorrah, Adma and Zebulon."—*Mrs. A. M. Geography*, vol. 2.

(3.) Jordon, a mountain of Judea—"These mountains abound in olive, fig and other fruit trees, covering their sides to the very summits."—*Steddy's Notes of Travel*, vol. 1, p. 107.

(4.) Great Western sea—"denotes the Mediterranean, west of Canaan."—*Steddy's Script. Geog.*

(5.) Magian—"There came wise men from the East."—*Script.*

(6.) David's well—"And David longed, and said, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem."—*1 Sam., 25 chap. 16 v.*

(7.) Tabor's green pyramid—"Six miles west of Jerusalem stands the hill of Tabor, forming a pyramid of verdure."—*Mrs. Mrs., vol. 1, p. 250.*

(8.) Mizpeh—"The Vale of Mizpeh, near the northern point of Palestine."—*Script. Ales.*

THE WHITE POWDERS;

or,

TRIED FOR HIS LIFE.

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LITTLE FEET.

Up with the sun at morning,
Away to the garden he hies,
To see if the sleepy blossoms—
Have begun to open their eyes.
Running a race with the wind,
With a step as light and fleet,
Under my window I hear
The patter of little feet.

The child is our "speaking picture,"
A birdling that chatters and sings,
Sometimes a sleeping cherub—
(Our other one has wings.)
His heart is a charmed casket,
Full of all that's cunning and sweet,
And no harp-strings hold such music
As follows his twinkling feet.

When the glory of sunset opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seems to usher the city
Whose Builder and Maker is God,
Close to the crystal portal,
I see by the gates of pearl
The eyes of our other angel—
A twin-born little girl.

At length, the light and directed
To guide footsteps aright,
So that I be accustomed worthy
To walk in sandals of light,
And hear amid songs of welcome
From messengers trusty and fleet,
On the starry floor of heaven
The patter of little feet.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNN," "THE EARL'S HEIR," "A LADY'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LI.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

Deborah and Amilly West were sitting over the fire in the growing dusk of a February evening. Their sewing lay on the table: some home dresses they were making for themselves, for they had never too much superfluous cash for dress-makers, with fashionable patterns and fashionable prices. It had grown too dark to work, and they had turned to the fire for a chat, before the candles and lights came in.

"I tell you, Amilly, it is of no use playing at concealment, or trying to suppress the truth," Deborah was saying. "She is as surely going as that the other two went; as sure as can be. I have always felt that she would go. Mr. Lionel was talking to me only yesterday. He was not satisfied with his brother: at least, he thought it as well to act as though he were not satisfied with him; and he was about to ask Dr. Hayes."

Her voice died away. Master Cheese had come in with a doleful face.

"Miss Deb, I'm sent up to Deerham Hall. There's a bothering note come from Miss Hautley to Jan, about one of the servants, and he says, I am to go up and see what it is."

"Well!" returned Miss Deb, wondering why Master Cheese should come in to give the information to her. "You couldn't expect Mr. Jan to go up, after being out all day, as he has."

"Folks are sure to go and fall ill at the most untoward hour of the twenty-four," grumbled Master Cheese. "I was just looking for a good tea. I feel as empty as possible, after my short dinner. I wish—"

"Short dinner!" echoed Miss Deb in amazement, at least it would have been an amazement, but that she was accustomed to these little episodes from the young gentleman. "We had a beautiful piece of roast beef; and I'm sure you eat as much as you chose!"

"There was no pudding or pie," resentfully retorted Master Cheese. "I have left all the afternoon just as if I should sink; and I couldn't get out to buy anything for myself, because Jan never came in, and the boy stopped out. I wish, Miss Deb, you'd give me a thick piece of bread-and-jam, as I have got to go off without my tea."

"The fact is, Master Cheese, you have the jam so often, in one way or another, that there's very little left. It will not last the season out."

"The green gooseberries'll be coming on, Miss Deb," was Master Cheese's insinuating reply. "And there's always apples, you know. With plenty of lemon and a clove or two, apples make as good a pudding as anything else."

Miss Deb, always good natured, went to get him what he had asked for, and Master Cheese took his seat in front of the fire, and toasted his toes.

"There was a great mistake made when you were put to a surgeon," said Miss Amilly, laughing. "You should have gone apprenticeship to a pastry-cook."

"She's a regular fidgetty old woman, that Miss Hautley," broke out Master Cheese with temper, passing over Miss Amilly's remark. "It's not two months yet that she has been at the Hall, and she has had one or the other of us up six times at least. I wonder what business she had to come to it? The Hall wouldn't have run away before Sir Edmund could get home."

Miss Deb came back with the bread-and-jam; a good thick slice, as the gentleman had requested. To look at him eating, one would think he had nothing for a week. It disappeared no time, and Master Cheese went out rubbing his fingers and his lips. Deborah West closed up the work, and put things straight generally in the room. Then she sat down again, drawing her chair to the side of the fire.

"I do think that Cheese has got a wolf inside him," cried Amilly with a laugh.

"He is a great gourmand. He said this morning—" began Miss Deb, and then she stopped.

Finding what she was about to say thus brought to an abrupt conclusion, Amilly West looked at her sister. Miss Deb's attention was riveted on the room-door. Her mouth was open, her eyes seemed starting from her head with a fixed stare, and her countenance was turning white. Amilly turned her eyes hastily to the same direction, and saw a dark, obscure form filling up the doorway.

Not obscure for long, Amilly, more impulsive than her sister, rose up with a shriek, and then darted forward with outstretched arms of welcome. Deborah went forward stretching out her hands.

"My dear father!"

It was no other than Dr. West. He gave them each a cool kiss, walked to the fire and sat down, bidding them not smother him. For some little while they could not over-got their surprise or believe their senses. They knew nothing of his intention to return, and had deemed him hundreds of miles away. Question after question they showered down upon him, the result of their amazement. He answered just as much as he chose. He had only come home for a day or so, he said, and did not care that it should be known he was there, to be tormented with a shoal of callers.

"Where's Mr. Jan?" asked he.

"In the surgery," said Deborah.

"Is he by himself?"

"Yes, dear papa. Master Cheese has just gone up to Deerham Hall, and the boy is out."

Dr. West rose, and made his way to the surgery. The surgery was empty. But the light of fire from the half-opened door, led him to Jan's bed-room. It was a room that would persist in remaining obstinately damp, and Jan, albeit not over careful of himself, judged it well to have over careful of himself, lit it with all the pleasure in the world, if I had got it," heartily replied Jan. "But I have not."

"My dear Mr. Jan! Not got it! You must have quite a nice little nest of savings laid by in the bank, surely! I know you never spend a shilling on yourself."

"All I had in the bank and what I have drawn since has been handed over to my mother. I wanted Lionel and Sibylla to come here: I and Miss Deb arranged it all; and in that case I should have given the money to Miss Deb. But Sibylla refused: she would not come here, she would not go anywhere but to Verner's. So I handed the money to my mother."

The confession appeared to put the doctor out considerably.

"How very imprudent, Mr. Jan! To give away all you possessed, leaving nothing for yourself! I never heard of such a thing!"

"Lionel and his wife were turned out of everything, and had nobody to look to. I don't see that I could have put the money to better use," stoutly returned Jan. "It was not much. There's such a lot of the Clay Lane folks always wanting things when they are ill. And Miss Deb, she had had a little. You keep her so short, doctor."

The doctor shut the door, slipping the bolt, and sat down to the fire. Jan cleared a space on the table, which was covered with jars and glass vases, cylinders, and other apparatus, seemingly for chemical purposes, and took his seat there.

The doctor had taken a rum home, "making a morning call, as it might be metaphorically observed," he said to Jan. Just to have sight of home faces, and hear a little home news. Would Mr. Jan recite to him something of the latter?

Jan did so: touching upon all he could recollect. From John Massingbird's return to Verner's Pride, and the consequent turning of Mr. Verner and his wife, down to the death of Sir Rufus Hautley: not forgetting the pranks played by the "ghost," and the final expedition of Mrs. Peckaby to New Jerusalem. Some of these items of intelligence the doctor had heard before, for Jan positively wrote to him. The doctor looked tall, and stouter, and redder than ever, and as Ida blazed playfully upon his face, Jan thought how like he was growing to his sister, those Mrs. Verner.

"Mr. Jan," said the doctor, "it is not right that your nephew, John Massingbird, should envy Verner's Pride."

"Of course it's not," answered Jan. "Only thin don't go by rights always, you know. It's I seldom they do."

"I ought to give it up to Mr. Verner."

"I told him, you said. "I should, in his place."

"What did he say?"

"He laughed at me, and called me green."

Dr. West sat thoughtfully pulling his great dark whiskers. Dark as they were, they had yet a gleam of red in the fire-light.

"It's a curious thing; a very curious thing, as both brothers should die, as was supposed, in Australia," said he. "Better have turned out—that Fred should have died up afterwards, than John."

"I do know that," spoke Jan, with his accustomed truth telling freedom.

"The pair were needed for much, but John was the best of us."

"I was thinking of Sibylla," candidly admitted the doctor. "It would have been better for her."

Jan opened his eyes considerably.

"Better her!—for it to turn out that she had two hands living? That's logic, that is."

"Dear me be sure!" cried the doctor.

"I was thinking of that phase of the affair, Mr. Jan. Is she in spirits?"

"Who? Sibylla? She's fretting herself into her grave!"

Dr. West shook his head with a start.

"What! The loss of Verner's Pride?"

"Well, I know," said Jan, ever plain spoken. "Squeezes me. When she was at Verner's she never seemed satisfied: she was continually hankering after excitement and a seem to care for Lionel or for anybody else and kept the house full of people from top to bottom. She has a restless, dissatisfied temper, and it keeps her at home. Lionel's a husband in a thousand times, too, cannot distinguish between them;

so peace, and let nobody else know any, that's about them. A nice life she leads Lionel! Not that he'd drop a hint of it. He'd cut out his tongue before he'd speak a word against his wife: he'd rather make her out to be an angel."

"Are they pretty comfortably off for money?" inquired Dr. West, after a pause. "I suppose Mr. Verner must have managed to feather his nest a little before leaving?"

"Not a bit of it," returned Jan. "He was over head and ears in debt. Sibylla helped him to a good portion of it. She went the pace. John Massingbird waives the question of the money profits, or Lionel would be in worse embarrassment than he is."

Dr. West looked crestfallen.

"What do they live on?" he asked. "Does Lady Verner keep them? She can't have too much for herself now."

"Oh! it's managed somehow," said Jan.

Dr. West sat for some time in ruminating silence, pulling his whiskers as before, running his hands through his hair, the large clear blue sapphire ring, which he always wore on his finger conspicuous. Jan swayed his legs about, and waited to afford any further information. Presently the doctor turned to him a charming expression of open confidence on his countenance.

"Mr. Jan, I am in great hopes that you will do me a little favor. I have temporary need for a trifle of pecuniary aid—some slight debts which have grown upon me abroad," he added, carelessly, with a short cough—"and, knowing your good heart, I have resolved to apply to you. If you can oblige me with a couple of hundred pounds or so, I'll give you my acknowledgment, and return it punctually as soon as I am able."

"I'd let you have it with all the pleasure in the world, if I had got it," heartily replied Jan. "But I have not."

"My dear Mr. Jan! Not got it! You must have quite a nice little nest of savings laid by in the bank, surely! I know you never spend a shilling on yourself."

"All I had in the bank and what I have drawn since has been handed over to my mother. I wanted Lionel and Sibylla to come here: I and Miss Deb arranged it all; and in that case I should have given the money to Miss Deb. But Sibylla refused: she would not come here, she would not go anywhere but to Verner's. So I handed the money to my mother."

The confession appeared to put the doctor out considerably.

"How very imprudent, Mr. Jan! To give away all you possessed, leaving nothing for yourself! I never heard of such a thing!"

"Lionel and his wife were turned out of everything, and had nobody to look to. I don't see that I could have put the money to better use," stoutly returned Jan. "It was not much. There's such a lot of the Clay Lane folks always wanting things when they are ill. And Miss Deb, she had had a little. You keep her so short, doctor."

"But you pay her the sum that was agreed upon for housekeeping!" said Dr. West.

"What should hinder me?" returned Jan. "She can't make both ends meet, she says, and then she has to come to me. I'm willing: only I can't give money away and put it by you, see."

Dr. West probably did see it. He saw, beyond doubt, that all hope of ready money from easy Jan was gone—from the simple fact that Jan's coffers were just now empty. The fact did not afford him satisfaction.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Jan," said he, brightening up, "you shall give me your signature to a little bill—a bill at two months, let us say. It will be the same as money."

"Can't," said Jan.

"You can't!" replied Dr. West.

"No!" said Jan, resolutely. "I'd give away all I had in hand to give, and welcome; but I'd never sign bills. A doctor has no business with 'em. Don't you remember what they did for Jones at Bartholomew's?"

"I don't remember Jones at Bartholomew's," frigidly returned the doctor.

"No! Why, what's gone with your memory?" innocently asked Jan. "If you tell a bit, you'll recollect about him, and what his end was. Bills did it; the signing of bills to oblige some friend. I'll never sign a bill, doctor. I wouldn't do it for my own mother."

Thus the doctor's expectations were put a final end to, so far as Jan went—and very certain expectations they had, no doubt, been. As to Jan, a thought may have crossed him that the doctor and his daughter Sibylla appeared to have the same propensity for getting out of money. Dr. West recovered his equanimity, and magnanimously waived away the affair as a trifle not worth dwelling on.

"How does Cheese get on?" he asked.

"First-rate—in the eating line," replied Jan.

"Have you got him out of his idleness yet?"

"It would take a clever man than I to do that, doctor. It's constitutional. When he goes up to London, in the autumn, I shall take an assistant, unless you should be coming home yourself."

"I have no intention of it at present, Mr. Jan. Am I to understand that you Sibylla has serious symptoms of disease?"

"There's no doubt of it," said Jan. "You always prophesied it for her, you know. When she was at Verner's Pride she was continually ailing: not a week passed but I was called to attend her. She was so imprudent, too—she would be. Going out and getting her feet wet; sitting up half the night. We tried to bring her to reason; but it was of no use. She defied Lionel; she would not listen to me—as good speak to a post."

"Should she defy her husband? Are they on bad terms?"

"They're on as good terms as any man and wife could ever be, Sibylla being the wife," was Jan's rejoinder.

"You know something of her temper and disposition, doctor—it is of no use to mince matters—you remember how it had to be with her here at home."

Dr. West came back with the bread and jam; a good thick slice, as the gentleman had requested. To look at him eating, one would think he had nothing for a week. It disappeared no time, and Master Cheese went out rubbing his fingers and his lips. Deborah West closed up the work, and put things straight generally in the room. Then she sat down again, drawing her chair to the side of the fire.

How he can possibly put up with her, and be always patient and kind, puzzles me more than any problem ever did in Euclid. If Fred had lived—why, he'd have broken her spirit or her heart, long before this."

Dr. West rose and stretched himself. The failings of Sibylla were not a pleasant topic, thus openly spoken of by Jan, but none knew better than the doctor how true were the grounds on which he spoke. None knew better, either, that disease for her was to be feared.

"Her sisters went off about this age, or a little later," he said musingly. "I could not save them."

"And Sibylla's as surely going after them, doctor, as that I am here," returned Jan. "Lionel intends to call in Dr. Hayes to her."

"Since when has she been so ill?"

"Not since any time in particular. There appears to be no real illness yet: only symptoms. She coughs, and gets as thin as a skeleton. Sometimes I think if she could keep up a cheerful temper, she'd keep well. You will see what you think of her."

The doctor walked towards the bureau at the far corner.

"Have you ever opened it, Mr. Jan?"

"It's not like Dr. West," said Jan. " Didn't you tell me to? Your own papers are in it, and you hold the key."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, DECEMBER 27, 1862.

"Well, you know, Jan, it's a good mile and a half to Pidcock's, and I had to go to the other place without my tea," remonstrated Master Chosen.

"I dare say Miss Deb has given you your tea since you came home."

"But it's not like having it at the usual hour. And I wouldn't think it in comfort when this message comes."

"Go off back and finish it now, then," said Jan. And the young gentleman departed with alacrity.

Returning to the drawing room, Jan told them that he was called out. Lionel had received his seat there by Sibylla and Dr. West. Jan departed, and later in the evening, as he did not return, Lionel walked home with the doctor.

"What do you think of Sibylla?" was his first question, before they had well quitted the gates.

"My opinion is not a favorable one, so far as I can judge at present," replied Dr. West. "She is not to be crossed, Mr. Verner."

"Heaven is my witness that she is not exalted by me, Dr. West," was the reply of Lionel, given more earnestly than the occasion seemed to call for. "From the hour I married her, my whole life has been spent in striving to shield her from crosses, so far as lies in the power of man; to cherish her in all care and tenderness. There are few husbands would bear with her—her peculiarities—as I have borne; as I will still bear. I say this to you, her father; I would say it to no one else. My chief regret, at the wrenching from me of Verner's Pride, is for Sibylla's sake."

"My dear sir, I honestly believe you. I know what Sibylla was at home, frugal, wayward, and restless; and those tendencies are not likely to belessness, now disease has shown itself. I always feared it was in her constitution; that, in spite of all our care, she would follow her sisters. They fell off and died, you may remember, when they seemed most blooming. People talked freely—as I understood at the time—about my allowing her so suddenly to marry Frederick Massingbird. But the codicil vanished," answered John.

"True. I was present at the consternation it excited. It disappeared in some unaccountably mysterious way; but there's no doubt that Mr. Verner died, believing the estate would go in his direct line—to Lionel. In fact, I know he did. Therefore you ought to act as though the codicil were in existence and resign the estate to Lionel."

The recommendation excessively tickled the fancy of John Massingbird. It set him laughing for five minutes.

"In short you never ought to have attempted to enter upon it," continued Dr. West. "Will you resign it to him?"

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"Verner's Pride never was intended for you, John," cried the Doctor. "Some freak caused Mr. Verner to will it away from Lionel; but he came to his senses before he died, and repaired the injury."

"Then I am so much the more obliged to the freak," was the good-humored, but uncompromising rejoinder of John Massingbird.

And, more than that, Dr. West could not make of him. John was evidently determined to stand by Verner's Pride. The doctor then changed his tactics, and tried a little business on his own account—that of borrowing from John Massingbird as much money as that gentleman would lend.

It was not much. John, in his laughing way, protested he was always "cleaned out." Nobody knew but himself—but he did not mind hinting it to Uncle West—the heaps of money he had been obliged to "shell out" before he could repose in tranquility at Verner's Pride. There were back entanglements and present expenses. Not to speak of sums spent in bivalence. Benevolence? the doctor exclaimed. Yes, benevolence, John replied with semi-grave face: he had had to give away an unlimited amount of bank notes to the neighborhood, as a recompense for having terrified it into fits. There were times when he thought he should have to come upon Lionel Verner for the means profits, he observed. A procedure which he was unwilling to resort to for two reasons: the one was, that Lionel possessed nothing to pay them with; the other that he, John, never liked to be hard.

So the doctor had to content himself with a very trifling loan, compared with the sum he had fondly anticipated. He dropped some obscure hints that the evidence he could give, if he chose, with reference to the codicil, or rather what he knew to have been Mr. Verner's intentions, might go far to deprive his nephew John of the estate. But his nephew only laughed at him, and could not, by any manner of means be induced to treat the hints as serious. A will was a will, he said, and Verner's Pride was indisputable his.

"Were I a rich man, able to rent Verner's Pride from John Massingbird, I might ask him to let it me, if it would gratify Sibylla. But, to return there as its master, on sufferance, liable to be expelled again at any moment—never! John Massingbird holds the right to Verner's Pride, and he will exercise it, for me."

"Then you will not accept my offer—to try and get you back again; and to make me a substantial honorarium if I do it?"

"I do not understand you, Dr. West. The question cannot arise."

"If I make it arise; and carry it out?"

"I beg your pardon—No."

It was an emphatic denial, and Dr. West may have felt himself failed, as he had been failed by Jan's confession of simply pocketing, earlier in the evening.

"Nevertheless," observed he slyly, as he shook hands with Lionel, before entering his own house. "I shall see John Massingbird to-morrow, and urge the hardship of the case open him."

It was probably with that view that Dr. West proceeded early on the following morning to Verner's Pride, after his night of search, instead of sleep, astonishing John Manningbird not a little. That gentleman was enjoying himself in a comfortable sort of way in his bedroom. A substantial breakfast was laid out on a table by the bed-side, while he, not risen, smoked a pipe as he lay by of whetting his appetite. Dr. West entered without ceremony.

"My stars!" uttered John, when he could believe his eyes. "It's never you, Uncle West! Did you drop from a balloon?"

Dr. West explained. That he had come over for a few hours' adjourn. The state of his dear daughter Sibylla was giving him considerable uneasiness, and he had just put himself to the expense and inconvenience of a journey to see her, and judge of her state himself.

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NEWS ITEMS.

The convention of newspaper publishers of the State of Connecticut, held a day or two ago, was fully attended, nearly every newspaper in the state being represented. A committee was appointed to memorialize Congress to remove the duty on the importation of foreign paper, and also to reduce the tax imposed upon printers by the excise law. The question of reducing the size of the newspapers of the state was discussed, and the general feeling of the convention seemed to favor the proposition.

Some nights ago Mr. Henry Phelps, of Eastfield, Conn., while fast asleep, arose from his bed, prodded at his axe, and inflicted several blows with it on the head of his wife. Mrs. Phelps finally succeeded in grappling with him. He awoke, and learning the trouble, his dismay was only equalled by his pleasure that she was not killed. Mrs. Phelps is in a fair way to recover.

PROJECTED ATTACK OF VICKSBURG.—A letter, dated off Island 100, thirty miles from Vicksburg, December 3d, states that our gun-boats will be concentrated at the mouth of the Yazoo river, twelve miles below Island 100, while the army will mass at some point above, and march across the country to Vicksburg, which place is but a few miles back of Vicksburg, so as to make the attack on the latter city simultaneous.

REGULARS.—As so much is now said about experienced Generals being entrusted with commands, we take this occasion to say that our Army of the Potowmack is almost entirely in the hands of regular officers. The Commander-in-chief, Burnside; the commanders of the three wings, Franklin, Sumner and Hooker; the commanders of the six corps, Reynolds, Smith, Couch, Wilcox, Butterfield and Stoneman, and the commanders of nearly all of the divisions, including such men as Doubleday, Sturgis, Meade, French, &c. With an army thus organized, there ought to be good discipline and effective movement; and if there is not, it surely cannot be attributed to the influence of volunteer officers.—*North American*.

EXECUTION.—The New Era, of the 6th instant, gives us details of the execution of private W. W. Lunt, of the Ninth Maine Volunteers, at Port Royal, shot for desertion. The condemned man rode to the spot on his coffin, which was placed in a wagon, and he appeared to be perfectly calm and resigned. He, however, subsequently protested his innocence.

FLAG OF TRUCE.—On the 1st instant a flag of truce was sent from Fort Pulaski up the Savannah River. It was stopped a short distance above St. Augustine creek by the chief officer of the iron-clad battery Georgia, which is anchored at the head of Elba island, and is completely surrounded by obstructions which blockade every channel approaching her. She is covered with railroad iron, carries ten guns within eighteen inches of the water line, and resembles the Merrimac in appearance.

The circumstantial account of the landing of the Banks expedition at Winton was entirely erroneous. The expedition was, without doubt, bound for the Gulf, and when heard from it will be from that locality.

NEGRO HANGED AT HOLLY SPRINGS.—When Col. Lee occupied Holly Springs, Miss., some weeks since, with cavalry, a colored man gave him information which was of much importance, and led, among other things, to the capture of a rebel officer. When Col. Lee retired the negro was left behind, and was immediately hanged by a mob of citizens and rebel soldiers.

IRON-LINED BARRELS FOR KEROSENE OIL.—A lot of Kerosene oil in iron barrels encased with wood, was stored in a building lately burned in Boston. Some of the oil was saved. The wood was completely burned, leaving the iron-lining and the oil highly heated, but not ignited. The test is important to insurance companies and oil dealers, showing there is but little risk from fire when the oil is properly refined and placed in suitable barrels.

GODALDIN'S HAIR.—To "X. Y. Z. Isle of Mail," who writes for a look of the General's hair, I reply that the doctors fearing baldness would produce rheumatism, have forbidden any more to be cut.—*Telegraph's Spezia Correspondent*.

A TORPEDO.—The gunboats Cairo, Marmon and Signal were recently ascending the Yazoo river, and had reached a point one mile below Hague's Bluff, when a torpedo exploded under the Cairo, shattering her bow. She sank in fifteen minutes in forty feet of water, and cannot be raised. No lives were lost. The Cairo was one of the first seven iron-clad gunboats built for service on the Western waters, and participated in the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson.

A GREAT PEDESTRIAN FEAT.—A deaf and dumb man recently walked from Edinburgh to London to witness the Great Exhibition; he accomplished the distance, 635 miles, in nine days, in one thirty-six hours walking one hundred and thirty miles. He put grease upon his shoes and whiskey on his feet, and preferred moonlight to daylight, considering the former better by a mile an hour.

AT NEWPORT NEWS.—The One Hundred and Seventy-Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, formed of men from Columbia, Lancaster, Montour and Luzerne counties, and commanded by Colonel James Johnson, of Pulte Philadelphia, is encamped at Newport News.

It will be gratifying to the friends of soldiers wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg to know that upon their application they can be sent (as soon as sufficiently recovered) to the military hospitals in their respective states or in those adjoining.

The President is quoted as saying recently to one of the border state Congressmen:—"I have come to the conclusion that slavery is the right arm of the rebellion, and I intend to fight it off."

This Paris Moniteur, in a quasi official form alludes to the presence of a French squadron at New Orleans, which is represented to have greatly elated the disaffected population. We are listening to you, Mr. Moniteur. And we will remember you.

THE FARMERS' AND THE GORILLA.—A singular incident occurred on Thursday at the Atheneum. Among the visitors to M. du Chaillu's specimens of gorillas was an apparently well-to-do yeoman, who eyed the stuffed skins and then the bones, and appeared to be lost in perfect wonderment at their appearance. At length he turned round to the respected Secretary of the institution, and asked in broad Saxonshire,

"Do you believe in 'em?"

"Believe in what?" responded secretary.

"Why," said the farmer, "in this here Monieur Challer."

"Oh, yes," replied the worthy official, "I believe in him, for he was here only on Tuesday and gave a lecture."

"What?" quoth the countryman, with a look of indescribable surprise, "here! Why I thought he was stupefied like those here things!"

"Oh, dear, no," Mr. D.—explained, "he is alive, and I believe, heartily."

"Well, I do wonder at that," finally rejoined the farmer; "why, I used a gout book all written in twelve months ago, and I thought that they only made up about as much when they were dead."—*Bristol (Eng.) Mercury*.

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Wit and Humor.

A PRACTICAL JOKER.

George Vandenhoff, the actor, in a pleasant way, contributes to the humorous literature of the age the following dramatic sketch:

There was a low comedian, familiarly called Dick Hoskins, whom I occasionally encountered at several of the small country theatres in the north of England, and who was an inveterate and practical joker on the stage. He was always very well behaved with me, but when he came in contact with a tragedine for whose talents he entertained a contempt, or whose person or manner dismissest him, woe to the unhappy subject of his fun. All his tragedy was turned into farce when Dick was in the humorous vein.

Then he played the grave digger one night at, I think, the Roebdale theatre, in Lancashire, to the Hamlet of a Mr. C., a most solemn and mysterious gentleman of the stock-and-dagger school. This gentleman's tragedy was, in Dick's eye, much more intensely comic than his own broad strokes of farce; accordingly Dick made no terms with it, and showed the unfortunate object of his merriment no quarters on the stage. When, therefore, Hamlet approached the grave to hold his conversation with Dick in it, the latter began his antics, and extemporized all sorts of absurd interpolations in the text which he spoke in his own broad Lancashire dialect. There was not a good house, and Dick allowed himself full license. Mr. C.—scowled fearfully, but Dick was unabashed. At last he put a climax on his audacity that put the infinite of insult.

The theatre was built on the site of an old Dissenting chapel which had formerly stood there, in which a preacher named Banks had held forth, and in the small graveyard attached to which the doctor—for he was popularly dubbed Dr. Banks—had been buried twenty years before, and his name was familiar yet. So, after answering Hamlet's question, "How long will a man lie in the earth are he rot?" Dick proceeded in due course to illustrate his answer by Yorick's skull; and taking it up, he said, in the words of the text—

"Now, here is a skull that hath lain you in the earth three and twenty years. Whose do you think it was?"

"Nay, I know not," replied Hamlet, in his sepulchral, tragedie tone.

"This skull, sir," said Dick, pursuing the text thus far, and then making a sudden and most unlooked-for alteration, "This was Dr. Banks's skull."

And the word skull he pronounced like bull.

Of course the house was in an uproar of laughter and confusion. The victimized tragedian stamped and fumed about the stage as well he might, exclaiming, "Yorick's skull, air, Yorick's!"

This was too much; this was the last straw on the tragedian's back! He jumped into the grave, seized the (very) low comedian by the throat, and a most fearful contest, never before—or since, I hope, introduced into the play ensued, in which Dick held his own bravely, and succeeded at length in overpowering, in a double sense, the worsted tragedian, whom he held down in the grave with one hand, while he flourished "Dr. Banks's skull" in triumph above his head.

The curtain was dropped amidst roars and shrieks of laughter, in which the king, queen, monk and courtiers—who, in the vain hope of arresting the row, had been sent off with Ophelia's empty coffin—were compelled to join, forming a tableau which finished the play for that night.

SCENE IN A MAIL-COACH.

"Will you open that window, sir?"

"Certainly not, sir; I have a bad cold."

Such was the request addressed to his *sé-a-sé* in the royal mail by a small gentleman in a suit of black, and in a profuse perspiration; and such was the answer returned thereto by a person addressed—a highly nervous individual—rejoicing apparently in about fifteen stone, certainly in a blue coat with gilt buttons, a sea-kite cap, a red face, and nose to correspond.

"Will you open the window, sir?" again demanded, after a few minutes, our friend of the sable garments, in a tone half angry, half speculative.

"Really, sir," was the reply, "I am sorry, sir, but must decline to do so."

"Do you intend to open that window?" a third time exclaimed the pertinacious votary of freedom, in accents wherein scorn and wrath were blended, with a quivering lip and pallid cheek.

The lusty man shrunk back in his place. An assault with violence seemed impending. But though a large, he was a brave man, and he said—

"No."

And again there was a pause—a decidedly unpleasant and embarrassing silence. The little querist turned pale, and gave a deep sigh. At last, in a voice of thunder, he roar'd out—

"Will you, sir, or will you not, open that window?" and at the same moment his hand, with nervous rapidity, sought his coat-pocket. The red-faced man trembled, he turned pale, and cast a supplicating glance at the other two inmates of the carriage, as if to say, "Pray help me; I may be murdered; I really think the wretched imp must have a stiletto or a loaded pistol in his pocket." The glance seemed satisfactory, for the great gentleman, after a short pause, mildly said—

"I will not, sir."

In a second, a large silk pocket-handkerchief was suddenly jerked from its place of repose, by the diminutive tormentor of his gigantic victim.

With a face of ashy hue, he held out the ladies' handkerchief with one hand, the other reclined gracefully on the region of his heart. Anger had passed away from his brow; slowly and deliberately he cast an unearthly look on his trembling victim, and said—

"Then—sir—you—must—take the consequences—(here he gave symptoms of spasmodic affection)—for—I am—going to be sick!"

THE CORPORAL.

There is a very amusing scene in the vaudeville of the "Prisoner of Rochelle," which has been setting thousands laughing at one of the Paris theatres. One of the French papers gives the equivocal duet between *Corporal Gervais*, who has a musket in his hands, and is going through the manual exercise, and *Louise*, who is seated at her work-table, and abstrusely trying to lead him towards the subject of matrimony:—

Louise—"If a girl was to fall in love with you, Corporal, what would you do?"

Corporal—(Maneuvering with his musket)

"Present arms!"

Louise—"She would doubtless look to you for—"

Corporal—"Support!"

Louise—"And then what a heavy burden you'd have to—"

Corporal—"Carry!"

Louise—"Your butcher and baker would have to—"

Corporal—"Charge!"

Louise—"Your prospects, of course, would not—"

Corporal—"Advance!"

Louise—"And you'd have to—"

Corporal—"Bore face!"

Louise—"And never have any—"

Corporal—"Rest!"

Louise—"Now, Corporal, pray give me your—"

Corporal—"Attention!"

Louise—"A man of your years is not able to bear such a—"

Corporal—"Load!"

Louise—"But you are not in your—"

Corporal—"Prime!"

Louise—"Your wife may—"

Corporal—"Haut!"

Louise—"Leave you, but she will soon—"

Corporal—"Return!"

Louise—"And then you'd have to bear all on your—"

Corporal—"Shoulder!"

Louise—"You would be—"

Corporal—"Ready!"

Louise—"I think you have some other—"

Corporal—"Aim!"

Louise—"And you'd throw all your epistles into the—"

Corporal—"Fire!"

[Fires the musket.]

MY MOTHER'S DYING CALL.

BY RENA RAY.

The birds sang sweetly, so sweetly and joyously that it seemed as if the silvery-throated warblers were vying with each other. The morning breeze came fresh and cool from the hills, sweeping lightly over the clover fields and fanning my cheek with its perfumed wing. But I did not listen to the birds' song; I heeded not the serene beauty of the morning, for I was so intensely engaged in reading—not the Bible, but a new novel, which I had commenced the preceding evening—that all sights and sounds were like unheeded.

"Josie," said a sweet voice, faint and low always, but now fainter and lower than usual; but I did not answer immediately, or spring to my mother's bedside, as I usually did, at her first call, but waited a moment to glance down the page. "Jessie! Jessie! come here, my child!"

"Yes, dear mother, in a moment," I replied, without withdrawing my eyes from the book.

"Come now—now, my love."

"Yes, mother, in a moment, as soon as I have finished this page," and I continued reading. The page was finished. "Mother," I said. There was no reply. "Mother?" Still no answer. I listened and heard a faint breathing. "Ah, she has fallen asleep," thought I; "it is early and I will not disturb her. A little more sleep will do her good."

Then I commenced another chapter. It was very exciting, very, and so I read on, so wholly absorbed that I thought not of my mother.

"Why, Miss Jessie, I knocked and knocked, but not hearing any sound, I thought you must be asleep yet," said a voice beside me at length.

"Well, what's wanting, Ann?" I inquired a little impatiently, without raising my eyes.

"Why, I rang the bell twice for breakfast and you did not come so I thought I must just come in and see if anything was the matter. And seeing it was time for your mother's breakfast, I have brought her some toast and tea along, and I should just like to know who's mistress is this morning?"

"This is very comfortable, Ann," I replied hastily; "she has been awake, but she has fallen asleep again. She has had a nice nap this morning."

"Well, it's glad I am to hear it, for she has looked miserable these few days past."

"Miserable? you are mistaken, Ann; she has looked better than usual. I think she improves every day."

At this Ann shook her head ominously, and went out. I was preparing to resume my reading, but Ann's words had made me nervous, and my mother's toast and tea were getting cold. So I laid down my book and went softly into the other room. I approached the bed. My mother looked so calm and peaceful I could not bear to disturb her. But it was past her usual breakfast hour, and I called, "Mother! mother!" but she did not stir. I stooped and kissed her white brow; it chilled my lips. I grasped her hands—they were icy cold. I raised her in my arms. I shook her. I shrieked in her ear, "Mother! mother! Oh, my mother!" But the warm breath came not to the dear lips; the



THE NEW THING IN HAIR.

LADY SWELL—"Oh, yes, you know! Quite new! The old nets and beavers' tails get awfully common, you know!"

pulse was still; the heart was still. My mother was dead—dead! She had died alone—died while I, her undutiful child, unmindful of her earnest, dying call, was engaged in the adjoining room reading a novel! Yes, a novel deprived me of my mother's last kiss—of my mother's dying blessing! Oh, the anguish of that hour!

Years have passed by, but a deep, abiding sorrow is with me. My mother's dying call is ever sounding in my ears, piercing my heart with untold anguish.

Reader, have you ever through disobedience or neglect slighted a mother's call? If you have, do so no more. Even listen to her voice, and hasten cheerfully to obey her slightest wish as well as her serious mandates. Do this, and when the grave closes over her and shuts her forever from your sight you will have nothing with which to reproach yourselves. Tears of sorrow bedewing her memory will not be mingled with those of remorse.

IP!

Ah, dearest, if our tears were shed
Only for our beloved—dead;
Although our life's left incomplete,
Tears would not be so bitter, sweet,

As now!—ah, no.

Ah, dearest, if the friends who die
Alone were those who make us sigh;
Although life's current is so fleet,
Sighs would not be so weary, sweet,

As now!—ah, no.

If oft more pain it did not give
To know that our beloved live,
Than leave their hearts have ceased to beat,
Grief would not be so hopeless, sweet,

As now!—ah, no.

THOMAS HOOD.

ANCIENT FORMS OF MARRIAGE SERVICES.—In a very ancient marriage service, which is clearly of Anglo-Saxon origin, the bride's contract is as follows:—"I take thee, John, to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better or worse, for richer and poorer, in sickness and health, to be bonny and buxom, in bed and at board, till death do us part, and thereto I plight thee my troth." At a later period the words, "If holy church do so ordain" were added. According to the form in use in Northumbria, the bridegroom's promise was as follows:—"I take thee, Alice, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold, at bed and at board, for fairer for fouler, for better or worse, in sickness and health, till death do us part." Other formulas differ but little from these. In all of them the bride promises to be "buxom and bonny, at bed and at board;" but further than these words extend, does not promise either to honor or to obey. —*Thrush's Anglo-Saxon Home.*

PROPER SHOEING OF HORSES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When will owners of horses learn better than to pay a smith for crippling, and we may say spoiling, the most noble of the brute creation, which forty-nine out of fifty will do by shoeing. The proper form of an old horse's foot should, and might be the same, or nearly the same, as that of the foal at four months old; but the smith will cut away the heel because it cuts easier than the toe of the foot, and then cut down the bars because he has got the heel so low they are in his way, when any person at all acquainted with the business should know that the toe grows faster than the heel, and consequently needs the most paring. Also that with the bars constantly cut away, the strongest foot will contract, and for that reason be disposed to corns, navicular disease, &c. The heel should be pared but very little, and one nail should be used.

W. W. B.

SALT, SULPHUR, AND BACON FOR SHEEP.—A sheep-keeper in Indiana says he promotes the health of his flock by a free use of salt, and an occasional use of sulphur mixed with the salt or feed, and two or three times a year he gives the sheep some old bacon. Another sheep-keeper thinks tar better than the fat bacon, though it is more work to administer it, for each sheep has to be caught and its mouth opened and the tar put in with a paddle. Another one thinks resin, in powder, mixed with salt, or meal, or grain, fed to sheep, just as good as tar, and a great saving of labor.

PLANNING FLOWER GARDENS.

One of the worst ways of planting a flower garden is to set out indiscriminately, plants of all colors, of different heights and habits of growth, without regard to any system or design. It is enough to make an orderly man's head ache. Here is a verbena, next a poppy; beyond is a petunia, and hard by is a lilac bush; next are portulaces, and next a morning-glory, and so on. Such a confused mass of things is at best childish. Let there be some kind of system—almost any is better than none. This is a good one: Let the plants on a particular bed be similar, form, or color, size or style of growth. If different colors appear in the same bed, let them be of such kinds as will harmonize well together.

It is a growing custom, and a good one, to have the beds small, and only one color to a bed. Then, when the garden is viewed from the windows or verandas of the dwelling, it has the appearance of embroidery or carpeting. Mr. Loudon recommends drawing out in winter, on paper, the plan of the garden, and coloring the beds with paint, so as to see what the effect will be. Make the arrangement of colors a long and careful study. When the plan is fixed upon, it will be the simple work of the gardener to find the plants which will give the required colors during the entire summer, and at the least expense. We suggest this hint to the florists of the Agriculturist family, for winter study.

A NOVEL MODE OF GROWING APPARATUS.—A neighbor of ours has tried the following method for several years, and finds it successful: Laying off his beds four and a half feet wide, and sixteen feet long, he spreads on the surface a coat of sand two inches thick, and spades it under. (His soil is a stiff clay.) Then he lays upon this six solid inches by careful measure, of half-rotted dung. After this has settled a week he spreads over it four inches of good garden soil; and in this he sets out one year old plants, twelve inches apart from crown to crown. The roots soon find their way into the rich provender below, in which they luxuriate, as the large, succulent shoots soon show.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entire, a term to children applied;

Beneath me, an animal small;

Again, I am a preposition;

Again, and I'm used by all.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.</p

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